

# THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOLUME 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

NUMBER 25.

## SOLITARY MUSINGS.

ON THE PAST.

There can be but few if any employments more gratifying to the enquiring and cultivated mind than to muse and meditate on the Past,—to roam with the historic Muse through the annals of bygone ages,—to take a retrospective view of the actions and dispositions of mankind in every age. It is instructive to look back through the long vista of time, and behold man in the many different stages of his condition, both moral and intellectual. And to the enquiring mind it can be no less a pleasure than a source of the most useful instruction to unroll the mouldering record of ages and meditate upon the pages of the history of knowledge. But it is by no means an unqualified enjoyment, for in those pages is presented a most varied picture of the greatness and littleness of man. In every stage of the world's history I behold the grandeur, the absurdity, and the imperfection of human conceptions; the loftiest aspirations of which man is capable, and the utter futility of his endeavors to realize them.

With regret I see genius perverted, and prostituted to the worst of purposes, while I fondly participate in the joy of the sage at the success of persevering exertion in acts of beneficence and the diffusion of useful knowledge. While I exult in the triumph of ambitious mental effort and the noble achievements of moral action, there also obtrude upon the mind the ignorance that cannot comprehend—the envy that will not appreciate—and narrow prejudice and dark, malignant bigotry—like ill-omened birds of night, raising their hideous outcries at the opening day, closing their dazzling eyes, and turning their backs upon the radiant beams of light which are penetrating through the gloom and showing up the dim outlines of the objects that surround, influence, and hold terrific sway over the path of life. I find myself an unwilling observer of their struggles to preserve and strengthen the dominion of error, or check the soarings, blight the hopes and destroy the dearest acquisitions and most valuable productions of genius; to prosecute it, their demoniac delight,—to strangle and exterminate it, the ruling impulse of their nature. Diversified indeed is the scene!—a group of opposites, of intellectual antipodes that the pages of history hold up to our consideration. I go back to the patriarchal ages, when the mighty Deluge had subsided, and the race of Noah had begun to multiply on the earth; when the depravity of man had again begun to display itself by its malignant effects; when the lust of ambition had begun to exert its baneful influence over the heart, and when the inordinate desire after wealth, fame, distinctions and aggrandizement had paved the way for the erection of despotism, and for encroachments on the rights and enjoyments of mankind. Here, among the mightiest despots and heroes of antiquity, I behold Nimrod, the first to make invasions on the territories of his neighbors,—the first to aspire after regal dignity and power—the first to assume the reins of absolute government, and introduce "among his subjects the Zabian Idolatry, or the worship of the Heavenly host." From the foundation of his kingdom—the Babylonish Empire—I see following in the footsteps of his proud, ambitious and despotic career, "a train of Alexanders, Cæsars, Hannibals, Attilas, Alarics, Tamulanes, Jenghiz-Kans, Marlboroughs, Fredericks and Bonapartes," who have drenched the world in human blood, and driven the plowshare of destruction, and in many instances, of extermination, through the nations, wading through seas of blood to Empire, and erecting thrones over the graves of unoffending nations which they had slaughtered, and decorating their palaces with trophies dyed in the blood of millions of mangled and dying victims, whose groans and shrieks have filled the world with mourning, lamentation and woe. To trace the scenes of desolation, distress and horror that follow in the train of atrocities, butcheries and devastations perpetrated by desperadoes and monsters in human form, even since the Flood, "would be to transcribe the whole record of ancient and modern history." Startled with the most terrific emotions,

I see recorded on the historic page the fact that not less than *fourteen thousand millions of human beings* have been slaughtered in war since the creation of the world, with many millions more who have perished by famine, pestilence, disease, and other calamities produced by, and growing out of, war, and the oppression, cruelties, and rapacity of savage conquerors. What a picture of consternation and horror is presented to the eye when taking into one view *all the scenes* of slaughter which have been realized in every age, in every nation, and among every tribe!

Only to reflect that 14,000,000,000 of human beings, endowed with intellectual faculties, and furnished with bodies curiously arranged by Divine Wisdom—equal to eighteen times the number that now inhabit the globe, have been murdered and cut to pieces "by those who were partakers of the same common nature, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction!" What a terrific and overwhelming consideration! Words sink into utter insignificance, and language becomes powerless! The imagination alone is equal to the depiction of so startling, so abhorrent a scene.

HUMILIS.

Franklin Co., July 23.

## MISCHIEF MAKERS.

"LET WHOEVER THE SHOE FITS WEAR IT."

Oh! could there in the world be found Some little spot of happy ground Where village pleasures might grow round, Without the village tattling!

How doubly blest that place would be, Where all might dwell in liberty, Free from the bitter misery Of gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known, Fame Peace might claim it as her own; And in it she might fix her throne, Forever and forever; There, like a queen, might reign and live, While every one would soon forgive The little slights they might receive, And be offended never.

Far mischief-makers that remove Far from our hearts the warmth of love, And lead us all to disapprove

What gives another pleasure: They seem to take one's part—but when They've heard our cares, unkindly then They soon retail them out again, Mix'd with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way Of telling ill-meant tales—they say: "Don't mention what I've said, I pray—I would not tell another; Straight to your neighbor's house they go, Narrating everything they know, And break the peace of high and low, Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew Were all reduced to one or two, And they were painted red or blue,

That every one might know them! Then would our villagers forget To rage and quarrel, fume and fret, And fall into an angry pet With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part, To make another's bosom smart, And plant a dagger in the heart.

We ought to love and cherish! Then let us evermore be found In quietness with all around, While friendship, joy and peace abound, And angry feeling perish!

*Infancy.*—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the Deity of infancy.

*Machine for Blacking Boots.*—Ayckbourn, of London has invented a machine for the foregoing named purpose. It is made of a framework of wood, with concave brushes on spindles surrounding a step on which the boot is placed. A trough containing blacking is set beside each brush to supply it, but which are moved out of reach by touching a rod when sufficient blacking is put on. The brushes are made to do their work of blacking and polishing, by simply turning a crank handle, by a person while standing. He has but to place his boot on a step and turn a crank, and by a few whirlabouts, his boot from a muddy brown hue, will be developed into a black shining mirror.

## LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness who did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community, those who make our great useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or the almshouse.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of the elder in vice. They may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms, and stores, where crowds gather; but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy; but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who cannot read, and much less write their own names. They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers. We always feel sorry for such young men—their habits are for life—the twig bent in childhood grows a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it, young reader, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—*Palmer Journal.*

*Fillmore in Alabama.*—The Montgomery Mail says: "Mr. Buchanan's squatter sovereignty letter has given his party in the South the dry rot. His newspaper advocates avoid the topic—it is a millstone around their necks, dragging them cruelly down. Every Southern ratification meeting, held since that letter appeared, has been dull and lifeless.—The flattest of all flat things, have been the meetings in the South. Since the publication of his letter of acceptance.—Flat in Mobile, flat in Montgomery, flat in Augusta, flatter in Charleston. [See the Mercury's account.]

"On the other hand, in Augusta, Montgomery, Randolph, Franklin, and elsewhere in this State—in Georgia in Virginia—in Louisiana—in Tennessee—the Americans are RALLYING to Fillmore, about as fast as Buchanan's GERMAN friends are going to FREMONT! And 'Fillmore stock is rising, rising!' Here, in Montgomery, as elsewhere, the spirit of the party is rising. We could now have a bigger and far more enthusiastic meeting in Montgomery than the ratification affair lately held by the Democracy. We will have one on the tenth!"

## MANURING ORCHARDS.

When orchards bear profusely, or the soil through which their roots extend, yield crops which are removed from the ground, the trees ought to be supplied with an ample dressing of manure, so often, at least, as once in four or five years. We think, however, a better way is to allow the orchard to take its place in rotation. Unlike many others, we would not object to occupying the ground with any particular species of vegetation, but let it be potatoes, corn, wheat or oats, as the soil or the judgement of the owner may dictate. But we do insist that where an exhausting crop has been taken, ample compensation in manures should be made, for the exhaustion thus occasioned.

It is better, however, as a general rule, that orchards be plowed only in their younger days, before their tops become much developed, then put the ground in the highest condition of fertility, and lay it down to grass, and invite the extremities of the outspreading, pendent branches to fall as low as the ground, if they should prefer. This greatly facilitates and economizes harvesting when fruit is hand-picked, as all valuable fruit should be, and the grass may be equally secured under such trees, as when the branches are more elevated. We admire a luxuriant orchard, with its broad, umbrella top sweeping the ground when loaded with rich, blushing fruit, and no fields can be better occupied than with such a harvest, if the varieties are well chosen, and the trees have received the proper care.

If the orchard is in a meadow, and the grass and apples are annually removed, the leaves will of course follow them as soon as the autumnal blast or the wintry winds sweep over the smooth surface, and thus is the ground robbed of all the vegetable matter to which it has given life through the season. Where the orchard is well protected as the forest, by its numerous low swales, fallen branches, or upturned trunks and roots, and the innumerable standing trees, the decaying leaves and branches, and fallen trunks would restore to the soil all it had abstracted; but in the absence of these its natural manures it must receive others or starve.

Ashes are one of the best applications for an orchard; so, also, is swamp muck, or a compost of barn yard manure; charcoal is excellent, as is also lime, and occasionally bone dust, plaster, and salt, each of which is appropriately applied around the roots. Scraping the trunks when they become unthrifty, mossy, or hide bound, and washing with strong soap suds or wood ashes ley, and then give a strong coat of whitewash, are attended, with the best effects. These act both as manure and destroy insects and worms.

*Surface of the Moon.*—The Earl of Rosse, who has recently completed the largest telescope ever made, alluded, at a late meeting in London to its effects.—He said that, with respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet in height was now to be seen; and he had no doubt that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects 60 feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remain to show that the moon is, or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.—There was no water visible—not a sea or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate.

It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew pan, with a little milk, butter, salt, pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

## WILT THOU SAIL THE VOYAGE WITH ME!

### EET IRON WARE.

Winchester, Tenn. I am now receiving a large and valuable stock of fine Stoves, Brass Kettles, Lamps, Castings, &c., and have on hand a variety of Tin Ware, and can in order all manner of Sheet Iron, Gutting, Roofing, &c., on reasonable terms. I take in exchange for the above goods, brass, pewter, and lead, beeswax, tallow, jeans, and all articles for the head of barter. The mail always be allowed.

Lockhart is my authorized agent, and he is found at the old business station, 1556, if S. A. LOCKHART.

### S METALIC BURIAL CASE.

undersigned has deposited several superior Cases at the Furniture Room & Hall, where all wishes can be supplied at the shortest reasonable terms.

S. A. LOCKHART, F. Wootton, M. C. Holt, FOOTTON & HOLLOWAY, Mission Merchants and Dealers.

On the 21st of April, 1854, and after the close of his glorious administration, Mr. Fillmore made a visit to the city of Savannah, Ga. He was met at the depot of the Central Railroad by the citizens, almost en masse, and the entire military of the city, under the gallant command of Col. A. R. Lawton, Democratic Representative from Chatham in the last Legislature. A democratic Board of Aldermen were the first to greet him, and having landed from the cars, the Hon. John E. Ward, then Mayor of the city, and since PRESIDENT of Cincinnati Convention, addressed him as follows:

"MR. FILLMORE:—With unfeigned pleasure I perform the duty assigned me of welcoming you to the city of Savannah. Whilst the events which mark your administration of the government are of too recent date to be discussed without arousing passions, which on this occasion should be hushed to rest, we must all remember that those high and solemn trusts were not assumed by you in the sunshine of our prosperity. It was a dark and eventful period in the history of our Government, 'when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God.' Dark and fearful were the clouds that hung on our horizon, violent the factions that agitated our land, and men seemed to reek not how widely raged the storm, so that in its fury it upturned the institutions of the South.

"IT WAS YOUR LOT TO BREATHE THAT STORM, AND BID ITS MUTTERINGS CEASE, and to do that you must turn away from the crowds of flatterers to tread the lonely path of duty.—With your robes of office as with a panoply of ice, you wrapped yourself from all the prejudices of earlier years, and from all the temptations which then surrounded you. 'Unterrified by threats, unawed by clamors, you held in your steady course, preserved the Constitution of your country, gave peace to the land we love, and repose to the institutions which we cherish, illustrating to the world that 'peace had its victories no less renowned than war's.'

It is fit and proper now, when you have laid aside place and power and patronage, that the affections of a grateful people should follow you to your home, and linger around you in your retirement. As the constituted authorities of the city of Savannah, we welcome you within her limits—as the representatives of the people, we welcome you to our hospitalities,—as a portion of her citizens, we welcome you to our homes and to our hearts."

*Washing Silver Ware.*—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver; then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard."

## VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

One cup of sugar, one of buttermilk, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one essence of lemon; stir in flour till quite stiff; beat the mixture well before baking. This is the way to make a cheap and a very delicious cake.

One pint of bread sponge, one cup of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one table spoon of saleratus; spice to the taste.—Mix thoroughly, but not very stiff, and bake when light. This makes a splendid loaf cake, and to add to its delicacy put in some raisins.

No under crust should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of paste around the edge of the plate, and fill with the fruit either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will be retained much better, and it will save a sight of butter and flour, which is no trifling consideration in these days, and is of more consequence, save dyspepsia, which costs more. After cutting, they are taken out with a spoon.

Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows: Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for half an hour. Then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teaspoonful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the corks down firmly.

Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press. Put 60 pounds of common brown sugar into 15 gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no raking, the longer it stands on the lees the better.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in two teaspoons of milk, makes an excellent cookie.

The following Democratic papers have abandoned Buchanan during the last week:

The Portland Expositor, a leading advocate of the Democratic cause in Maine, last year, now supports Fremont.

The Rockford, Illinois, Democrat, always an old line Democratic paper, has hoisted the name of Fremont.

The New Orleans Deutsche Zeitung, a German paper, with the largest circulation in the Southern States, goes for Fremont and Dayton. The Louisville Anzeiger, German, had the Buchanan flag hoisted, but has taken it down.

The "Anzeiger des Nordens," the German paper published in Boston—a paper which has heretofore supported the Pierce administration—has declared against the Buchanan ticket, and places the names of Fremont and Dayton at the head of its columns.

The Courier, a German paper published at Cleveland, Ohio, for the benefit of the Buchanians, having stopped for the want of breath, the Cincinnati Volksfreund, is now the only German daily in Ohio that swears by Buchanan.

In Galois, Illinois, a new Fremont paper has just appeared in the Swedish language. There are now 100,000 Swedes in the Northwest, and this is their first political paper.

This is the way the Northern and the foreign Democrats support Buchanan.—He may well exclaim with old Falstaff, "A plague on such backing!"

Boil rice until it is soft, and while warm make it into cakes or flat balls. Dip these balls into a beaten egg, and then roll them into Indian meal till thoroughly coated. This done, fry them in lard, which is better than butter for this purpose. Serve them with sauce, or with butter or cream and sugar.